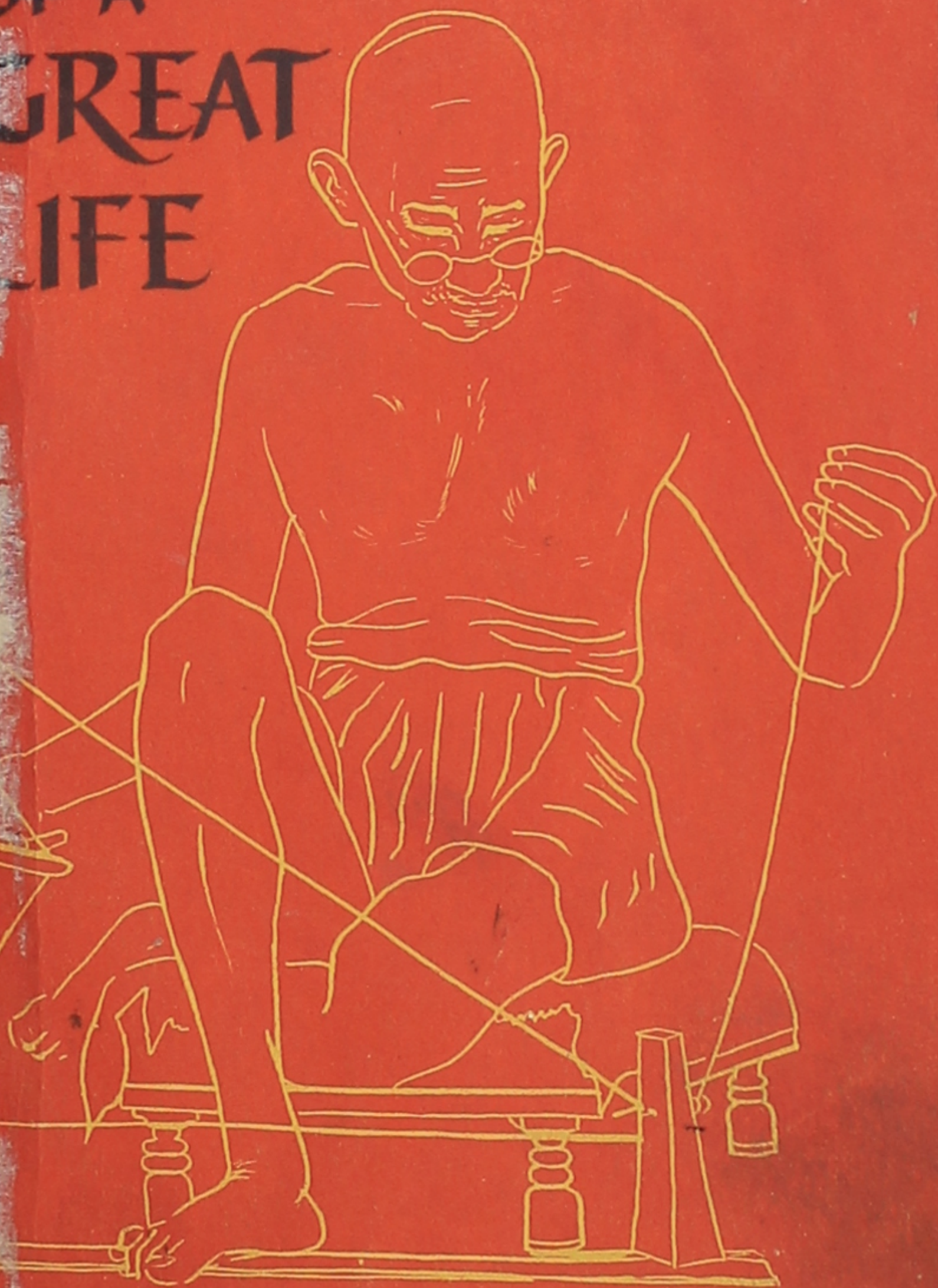


GLIMPSSES

OF A

GREAT

LIFE









# GLIMPSES OF A GREAT SPECIMEN LIFE

BY MICHAEL OVERMAN



PUBLISHERS

GULAB CHAND KAPUR & SONS

DELHI

AMBALA

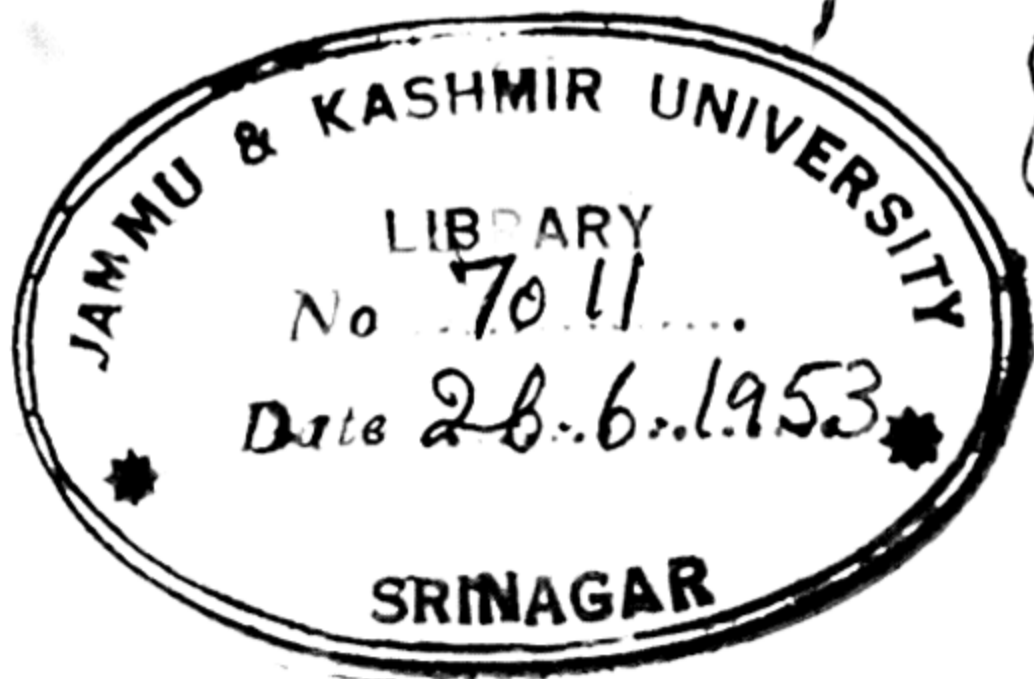
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Printed at the Mercantile Printing Press,  
Delhi by Shri Gowardhan Kapur. M.A., and  
Published by him for M/s. Gulab Chand Kapur  
& Sons, Book-Sellers, Publishers, DELHI.



They only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.

(Hazlitt)



# **GLIMPSES OF A GREAT LIFE**

There was a time when Rajghat was like any other river bank.

But one sad winter's evening Rajghat became famous. Thousands upon thousands of weeping men, women and children went there to watch the cremation of one of the greatest men the world has ever known—Mahatma Gandhi.





Nowadays you will find crowds of quiet people at Rajghat every evening of the year.

Silently they take off their shoes and go to pay their homage at Gandhiji's *Samadhi* with

their hands together in reverence. Most of them take sweet smelling flowers as their humble offering in memory of the Mahatma.

Anyone who goes to Rajghat and watches the visitors for a little while will notice that foreigners as well as Indians come to see the *Samadhi*. All come in silently and reverently without their shoes.

Have you ever thought why people should come from countries all over the world to visit the place where Gandhiji's body was cremated? If Bapu had only been a great Indian, surely only Indians would want to come. The fact is that Mahatma Gandhi was much more than a great Indian. He was much more than the Father of the Nation. He was a great citizen of the world. Perhaps he was the greatest man that the world has ever known. He was certainly the greatest man of our age.

One evening not very long ago there was an old man and a young boy in the crowd at Rajghat. After taking off their shoes they walked silently through the little gate in the wall around the *Samadhi*. For a moment they gazed at Bapu's dying words, "*He Ram*," which are written there for all to read. They remind us that Bapu remembered God even when he was dying. Presently the old man bent his head and gazed silently at the ground. His grandson, Umesh, looked up at him and saw that tears were trickling from the corners of his eyes.



"Why are you crying?" he asked. "Gandhiji always used to smile."

When the old man heard these words a feeling of joy came into his heart.

"I shouldn't cry Umesh," he said. "You are right. Mahatmaji always smiled. He hated people to be sad."

The old man looked up again. His eyes sparkled now and soon he smiled. Then he turned to his grandson and put his arms around him warmly.

"When you told me just now, Umesh, that Gandhiji always smiled, you brought before my eyes a vision of the great man himself. I have seen him many times in pictures though I was never so lucky as to see him in the flesh. But just now I seemed to see him sitting here before us. For the first time I could see for myself how really great he was."

The old man had hardly finished saying these words when Umesh interrupted him.

"Why was Bapu so great?" he asked. "He was such a simple man that he never wore fine clothes like most great men. He only wore a loin cloth."

"His greatness, my boy," said the old man, "lay in his simplicity."

“Come Umesh,” added the child’s grandfather after a pause. “There is a picture gallery over there. There are many paintings of Mahatma Gandhi hanging on its walls. Come; let us go and have a look at them.”





Nothing is more simple than greatness;  
indeed to be simple is to be great.

(Emerson)

ONE



Umesh and his grandfather went into the picture gallery and started looking at the paintings.



The first picture they saw showed a poor man's hut. It was a small simple cottage made of bamboo.

"What does this picture show, grandfather?" asked Umesh.

"This, my boy, is Gandhiji's own cottage at Sevagram. He founded an *ashram* there, you know, and used to live in the village himself in this simple cottage."

"Why didn't he have a better house?" asked the boy. "Couldn't he afford to have a fine bungalow?"

"Bapu knew that India is a poor country, Umesh," said the old man. "We may see many fine houses in cities like Delhi or Bombay or Calcutta. But as a matter of fact there are millions and millions of poor Indians who can never afford a better house than this one. Although there are crores of poor people living in our villages there are not very many Indians who are rich. The humble farmers who live in the thousands of villages all over our great country build cottages like the one in this picture. Gandhiji decided that he should live in the same kind of house."

"It is only made of bamboo wood," said Umesh.

"Yes, my son, and its floor is of earth."

"I don't suppose there was electricity in such a place, was there?" asked the boy.

"Of course not. When night falls in the villages the farmers' wives light little earthen lamps. Mustard oil is burnt in them. We see thousands of these little twinkling *deepaks* in the cities during the festival of Diwali. They are the same kind of lamps that the villagers use. These are the lamps that the Mahatma used to light his hut at Sevagram."



“Who used to keep Bapu’s house clean and tidy?” asked Umesh.

“Every one who lived there,” answered his grandfather. “In the Sevagram *ashram* there are no servants in any one’s house,” he added by way of explanation. “Every one there does his own work and keeps his own place clean. In Sevagram even great barristers get up in the early morning to cut grass for their goats to eat. They take the gardener’s tools themselves and make their little cottage gardens beautiful.”

“Why don’t they have servants?” asked Umesh.

“Gandhiji used to teach people that they should be proud to do their work themselves,” explained the old man. “Bapu certainly felt great joy and pride in doing his own work, though he was loved so dearly that others always wanted to do everything for him. However hard his friends tried to persuade him Gandhiji would always sweep his own room at Sevagram. He used to sit and prepare vegetables in the kitchen, too, and would always help in all kinds of household work when he got a chance.”

“Gandhiji is called The Father of the Nation,” said Umesh. “If he really was he should have been as great and grand as a Maharaja. A Maharaja has only to ask for something and he has it at once. Yet it seems

that Gandhiji asked for nothing. When a man is so great the whole world is ready to fall at his feet and kiss them. Why did Gandhiji never take advantage of his power?"

"You are right Umesh," said the old man. "Gandhiji could have had fine palaces to live in. But he never wanted to have or do anything unless all his brothers and sisters could have and do the same. That is why he preferred to live in the cottage you see in this picture. And that is why he used to wear only a cotton loin cloth. It was certainly not for want of money."

"Did Bapu wear a loin cloth all his life?" asked Umesh. "Did he wear it even when he was a little boy?"

"No, my son," answered his grandfather. "When he was a young man he went to England to study and become a barrister. There, of course, he used to wear a suit and a hat like Englishmen wear. But even in his youth, when he wore those western suits, he had a simple heart and used to wash his clothes himself."

"If Gandhiji once wore suits, when did he give them up? When did he begin to wear a loin cloth?"

"That was several years later my son," explained Umesh's grandfather. "Gandhiji once went on a tour of Bihar. He was walking

along a village road one morning when he met an old wrinkled woman who was coming the other way. She was dressed in a simple cotton *dhoti*. Bapu noticed that she had not washed it for many days for it was very dirty. 'Sister', said Gandhiji, 'Why do you wear such dirty clothes? It will not cost you anything to wash them. Dirty clothes do harm to the soul as well as to the body.' 'What you say is right,' the old woman replied. 'But what shall I wear if I take off this *dhoti* to wash it? I have only one for I am a poor woman and cannot afford to buy another.' When Bapu heard these words he was astonished. He realised for the first time the true meaning of poverty. His heart was wounded and that very moment he made up his mind for once and for all never to wear fine suits again. It was the turning point in his life. That evening he changed into a simple cotton loin cloth. He explained to his friends that in future he was only prepared to wear clothes that the poorest people in his country could afford to buy. Gandhiji never wore anything else but a loin cloth from that day on."

"But," added the old man after a pause, "there was one remarkable fact about Bapu. Whatever he did and whatever he wore he always looked a great man. In his loin cloth he seemed to look greater than ever."

Umesh thought for a little while and then asked another question.



“Why are the white caps our leaders wear called Gandhi Caps ?” he asked. “Did Bapu ever wear a white cap? He is never shown wearing one in any of his pictures?”

“Yes Umesh. He used to wear a white cap when he was a young barrister in South Africa. In those days he led the fight of the coloured people against the white rulers there. He led the struggle of the Indians in South Africa for their rights. That was when he invented the wonderful moral weapon which we call *Satyagraha*. It was this weapon that Indians used later to win the struggle for freedom. There, in South Africa, Gandhiji tried out this new way of fighting armed people without steel weapons and without violence of any kind. The white rulers in South Africa were afraid and made him prisoner. At that time he was wearing a white *khaddar* cap of the kind we know so well today. That is why we call them Gandhi Caps.”

“What did Gandhiji eat ?” asked Umesh.

“His food was simple like everything else in his life,” said the old man. “He used to drink goat’s milk and was very fond of vegetables and fruit. Except for these things and his *roti* he rarely ate anything. But Mahatmaji’s greatness, Umesh, came not only from the simplicity of his food and clothes. He was humble in heart and liked to do only what his poorest brother

Indians could do. When he travelled on the railways he always went in third class carriages. When he came to Delhi he would live in a cottage in the Bhangi Colony and never in a big house."

"It must be difficult for a great man to be so humble," said the boy.

"It is, Umesh, but Bapu succeeded. And in his case it was simple living and high thinking that was the secret of his success."



Love was to his impassioned soul, not a mere part of its existence, but the whole, the very life-breath of his heart.

(Moore)



TWO



Umesh and his grandfather moved on to look at the second picture.

In this picture Gandhiji was shown attending to a sick man.



All through his life Bapu would serve people where ever and whenever he got the chance. He was always sympathetic towards those in distress. When he saw an opportunity to help someone who was in trouble or in pain he would waste no time in trying to comfort him.

Gandhiji believed in religion very deeply. He read the Geeta, the Koran and the Bible regularly. But he did not believe in making religion something apart from his daily life.

“Service of the People” was the Mahatma’s practical form of religion.

Once a very close friend of Bapu’s was suffering from tuberculosis. Gandhiji immediately gave his friend a bed in his own cottage. In this way he was able to look after him and serve him day and night with his own hands.

Bapu was not in favour of the modern system of medicine but believed firmly in nature cure.

He always told his friends that the sun and fresh air were the best healers. He believed that vegetables, fruit and milk were nature’s best food for anyone who was sick.

Some people who believe in nature cure get frightened when they are seriously ill or dying. At such times they are ready to call for doctors in their efforts to save their lives. But Gandhiji was not like this. When he believed in something he believed in it heart and soul. He believed that if a man was sick and was going to die then no one could save him. He was sure that if a sick man could be made well nature could do the trick as well as any doctor.

During the last few hours of Kasturba's life, when she lay suffering from pneumonia, Bapu proved that his principle was as firm as it had always been. Doctors came and wanted to give his wife injections to try and save her life. But Gandhiji refused to let them.

Umesh asked his grandfather about the picture that was hanging in front of them. The old man told the boy how Gandhiji used to serve the sick and how firmly he believed in the power of nature to cure sick people.

"Even this man in the picture was cured," said the grandfather. "He was suffering from a very terrible disease. But Bapu's care and attention and the work of nature made him well again. That is why the artist painted this picture so that the story would never be forgotten."

In Gandhiji's *ashram* there was once a very learned man. One day he discovered that he was suffering from the disease called leprosy. Gandhiji understood that it was dangerous for this man to stay in the *ashram* because other people might also catch the disease. But Bapu was not prepared to send his friend far away. Instead he arranged for him to stay in a cottage close to the *ashram*. Then Gandhiji was able to go every day to attend to his needs, to look after him and to feed him with fruit and milk.

Leprosy is a very terrible disease and the sick man's condition grew worse and worse.



Before long there were sores all over his body. After some weeks his fingers and toes began to grow dry and some of them fell off.

“Think, Umesh,” said the old man, “how horrible it was. I once saw a man who had suffered from leprosy for a long time. His sores were so bad that it made me feel ill to see them. The sores of the sick man Bapu was looking after must have been just as bad but Gandhiji never did anything by halves. He went on serving his patient every day and used to massage the sick man’s body with his own hands.

One morning during the days when our struggle for freedom was at its height Congress Party men from all over the country had come together for one of the sessions they hold each year. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was Chairman on that occasion. During an important discussion he was surprised to see Gandhiji get up from his place and walk towards the door.

Panditji stopped the Mahatma and asked why he was going away during such an important discussion.

“What is there in your *ashram*, Bapuji, that is more important than this meeting?” asked Jawaharlal.

“I have to go to look after a sick man,” answered Gandhiji simply.

Panditji was unable to give an answer to this and Bapu went out.

Gandhiji believed that a human being in distress is more important than anything else. That was why he would always tell his friends that "Service of the People" is Service of God.



Do not squander time. That is the stuff  
life is made of. (Anonymous)



THREE



There were several people standing around the third painting in the gallery when Umesh and his grandfather moved along to look at it.



It was no wonder that people were interested in this picture for it showed Mahatma Gandhi doing something that seems surprising today.

“Look,” said Umesh to his grandfather. “Bapu is riding a bicycle !”

The old man came nearer the picture and studied it.

"Yes," said he. "There is a story about this painting. All his life Bapu used to be very punctual. At school he would always reach his class at the right time and when he grew up he would never be late when he had given someone an appointment. Once, during the days when he was a student there was a meeting which he had promised to attend. He was quite a long way away from the place where the meeting was to be held and he was afraid he might arrive late. Bapu had intended to go there with a friend but the friend had not arrived. After waiting for him for some time Gandhiji grew worried. He thought he might be late at the meeting and started walking there by himself as fast as he could. On the way he saw a man riding a bicycle. 'I have a very important meeting to go to,' he told the man, 'and I must not be late. If you are not in a hurry to go anywhere will you please lend me your cycle?' he asked."

"So Bapu took it, I suppose," said Umesh.

"Yes," replied the boy's grandfather. "The other man knew Gandhiji and was very glad to help him. So Bapu took the bicycle. He pedalled fast and reached the place where the meeting was to be held in the nick of time. This picture was painted to remind us of that little story."

Gandhiji was not only strict about being punctual. He also believed that it was sinful to break rules or principles whatever the reason might be. One of his principles was to have a fixed programme every day. When important people wanted to come and meet him he would give them a time and tell them how long he would be free to talk to them. When the time was up he would at once say so. Sometimes this would offend important visitors who wished to talk to him longer. But Bapu would not break his principle for anyone. Everyone who made an appointment had to go when the time was up.

There is a story of the Sevagram *ashram* which shows us even more vividly how firm was Gandhiji's principle of being punctual.

There was a common dining room at the *ashram* where everyone used to go to eat. Meals were served at fixed hours each day and everyone was expected to come there for his food at the right time. By having this arrangement the time and trouble of those who cooked the food was saved and everybody learnt to be punctual.

At meal times a bell was rung twice. The first bell was to warn people that it would soon be time for food. Everyone was supposed to arrive before the second bell was sounded. Anyone who came after the second bell had to wait outside in the dining room verandah until



everyone else had finished his meal. Only then were the late comers allowed inside to have their food.

One day Bapu himself arrived late for his meal and he felt so ashamed that he stood quietly out in the verandah by himself. There were no chairs there and though he was tired he remained standing. After a little while some one inside saw him and asked him to come in.

But Gandhiji refused. He had come late, he said, and he wanted to punish himself for his error.

One of Gandhiji's principles was to take regular walks for his health. He had a fixed time for these walks and treated them as a hard and fast rule.

One day a famous newspaper correspondent called Louis Fischer arrived from America. He came to the *ashram* at Sevagram to meet Gandhiji. He talked with Bapu for half an hour and then Gandhiji suddenly excused himself and said, "I am afraid I shall have to leave you now for it is the time for my daily walk."

Louis Fischer was very surprised but could say nothing and Gandhiji left him.

Mahatma Gandhi went on taking his daily walks to the end of his life.

One day there was a severe dust storm at Sevagram and one of his friend in the *ashram* thought that the daily walk should be cancelled.

"Today the weather is terrible," he told Gandhiji. "I think you had better not go for a walk today."

Gandhiji looked at his friend and smiled.

"The day I do not go for my walk," he told him, "will be the day I breathe my last."

Umesh's grandfather had been telling the boy all these stories as they stood in front of the picture of the Mahatma riding the bicycle.

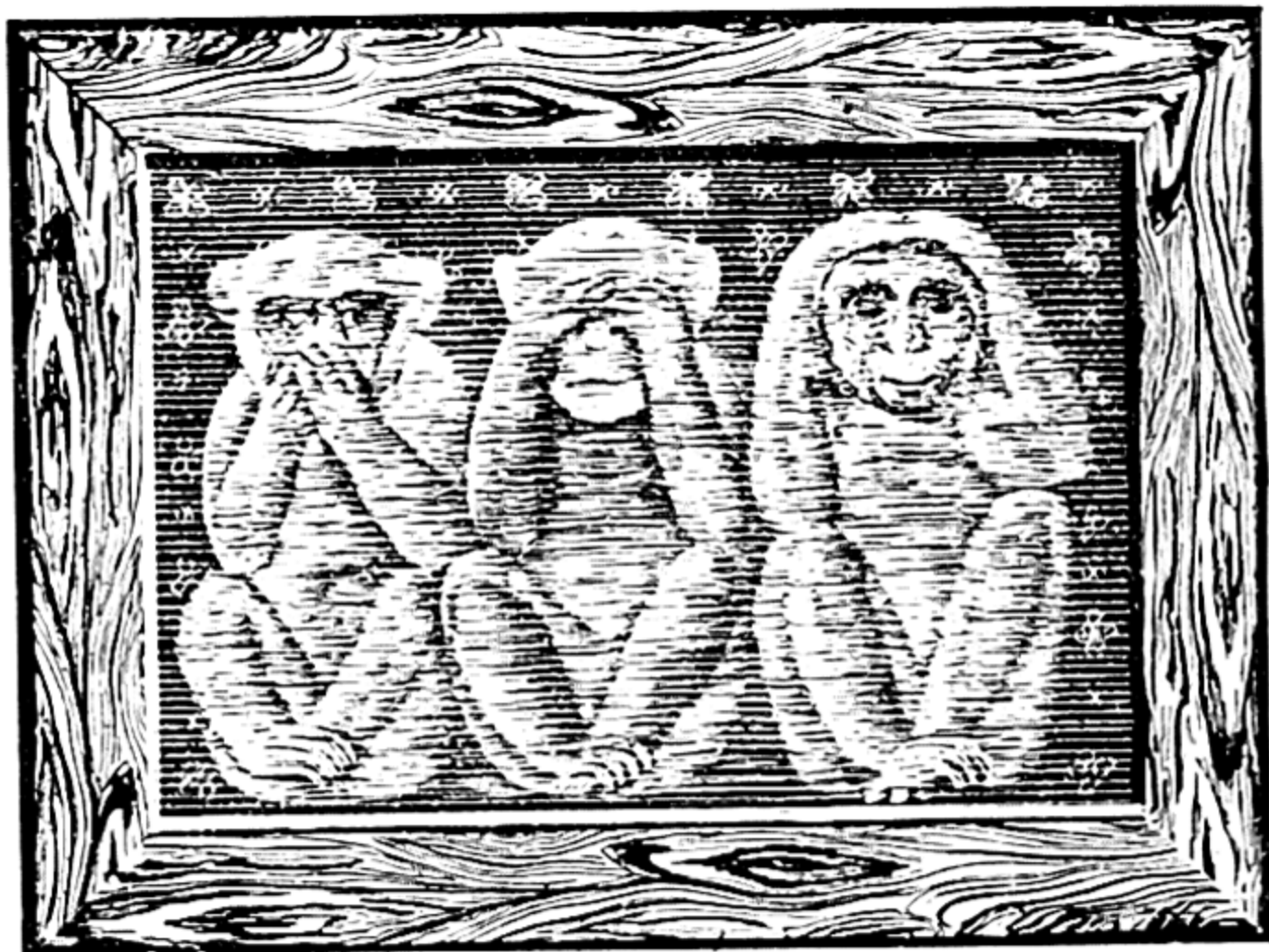
"You should try and learn these two virtues from Bapu," said the old man. "Always be punctual and always keep to your principles."



I am indebted to my father for living but  
to my teacher for living well.

(Alexander the Great)

FOUR



“What are these ?” asked Umesh looking at the next picture. “They seem to be three monkeys, but what are they doing?”

“Indeed they are three monkeys my boy,” answered Umesh’s grandfather. “But they are more than just that. They were Bapu’s three silent Gurus.”



Umesh looked inquisitively at his grandfather. The old man’s explanation hardly seemed to hold water. The boy’s eyes sparkled and he began to smile as though he did not believe what his grandfather had said.



"You are almost laughing," said the old man.

"Yes," answered the boy. "It seems strange that Bapu should have three monkeys as his Gurus. I can't understand how monkeys can be any one's Gurus. Some foolish people might keep monkeys to teach them, but Bapu was a great man. Surely he would never do anything so silly."

Many things that Gandhiji did seem strange to some people. But this is true of all great men for the things that make men great are unusual. If it were not so then every one would be great.

In an earlier chapter we talked about Service of the People. We learnt how Gandhiji made this the practical side of his religion. Gandhiji's religion is difficult for all of us to understand fully. It was simple like everything else of his. Yet it was so practical that many wise men believe it was more useful and greater than any of the common forms of religion. The three monkeys in the picture were a part of Bapu's religion as we shall see.

Gandhiji had very few possessions of his own. He had a pair of wooden slippers for his feet and his loin cloth with which he clothed himself. He had a pair of spectacles because his eyes were not very strong in his old age. He also kept with him copies of the Geeta, the

Koran and the Bible. But the strangest thing he always had by his side was a little ivory carving of three monkeys. The picture Umesh and his grandfather were looking at was a painting of these monkeys.

“How could these monkeys be Gandhiji’s Gurus?” asked Umesh after a pause. He had been thinking over the matter but could not understand the meaning of it at all. The puzzled look on his face showed that he thought it was quite impossible for a small ivory carving to be any one’s Guru.

The old man put one hand on his grandson’s shoulder and began pointing to the picture with the other.

“Look very carefully at these monkeys,” he said. “You will see that one has put his paws over his eyes, the second has put them over his mouth and the third has covered up his ears with them.”

“Yes, I see,” answered Umesh. “What does it mean?”

“The monkey who has his paws over his eyes tells us this : that there is evil and good in this world and we must only look at the good things. This monkey has covered his eyes so that he may not see any of the bad things. He knows it is not in his interest to see them. That holds good for you too, Umesh.”

"What about the monkey with his paws over his mouth?" asked the boy.

"This little monkey," replied his grandfather, "reminds us that God has given all of us the power to speak to each other. He teaches us that we should make good use of this power and that we should never say things that are bad. This second monkey has covered up his mouth so that he may tell no lies. You too, Umesh, must remember that no good will ever come from telling lies. Only by speaking sweetly and truthfully will you make friends. If you speak unkindly and untruthfully people will very soon begin to hate you. Whatever you say you must always make sure that your words will not give pain to anyone."

"The third monkey has his paws over his ears. What does this one teach us?" asked Umesh.

"He says that we must never listen to bad words. In the world there are all kinds of men and women. Many do not listen to the advice of the second monkey. Such people speak bad things and tell lies. The third monkey teaches us not to listen to their bad words. To hear untruthful or wicked words is bad for the minds of people like you and I. We cannot prevent some people from speaking wicked words, Umesh, but we do not have to listen to them. We must remember that it is as sinful to listen to bad words as to repeat them."

“That means,” said Umesh, “that the third monkey tells us that we should listen to nothing harmful.”

“That is right,” answered the old man. “This monkey knows that bad words poison the ears of good people.”

Umesh was happy when he understood the meaning of Gandhiji's three little monkeys. He realised at once what excellent advice they were giving. Now he understood how Bapu could have called them his Gurus.

Gandhiji summed up the lessons of the three little monkeys in the following words. “The first monkey says ‘I see no evil’; the second says ‘I speak no evil’; and the third says ‘I hear no evil’.”

Gandhiji always acted on the advice of his three ivory monkeys. All his life he did what they taught him. Where ever he went he talked kindly and truthfully to everyone. He never spoke words of anger. The spirit of love and truth seemed to run through the blood in his veins. Though he was a great soldier in the fight for India's freedom his weapons were only love and truth.

Many people did not agree with some of the things in which Gandhiji believed. Some people would say bad things about him and tell their friends that they should not listen to what he said.



Gandhiji did not mind when people spoke ill of him. And as for himself, he did not know how to speak ill of others. He preferred to speak sympathetically of his enemies and would even try to help them when in trouble. Once he was holding a prayer meeting when a young man threw a bomb towards him.

"This young man does not know what he is doing," said Gandhiji quietly. "He will come to his senses when he has time to think over what he has done. When he understands his mistake his mind will be purified."

In the same way Bapu would never listen to people who spoke unkindly about others. Like the third monkey he preferred not to hear them.

Gandhiji fought against the British for many years during the struggle for freedom. But during all this time he never said one word against any single foreigner.

Many times he was locked up in jail with English police officers to watch over him. But he always spoke kindly of these officers. He never lost sight of the fact that whatever they thought and for whatever reasons they were keeping him in prison it would be wrong of him to say anything against them.

Today Mahatma Gandhi is not with us any more, but he has left his three monkeys to teach us what he cannot now teach us himself.

“Come to your senses,” these monkeys tell us. “You seem to have learnt nothing from any of the world’s great teachers. You have failed even to learn from our own teacher, Mahatma Gandhi. But even now you can improve yourselves. For if you learn to say and practise what we do you will learn everything. All we want to teach you is this: ‘See no evil. Speak no evil. Hear no evil.’ ”



Let not sleep be thy master.

(The Buddha)

FIVE



Umesh and his grandfather moved along and found a picture of Gandhiji seated in a train.

“This painting is very interesting,” said the old man. “Bapu is sitting, but if you look carefully you will see that his head leans forward and his eyes are closed. He is fast asleep.”

“What is strange about that?” asked Umesh. “I sleep like a log every night!”



"Of course you do, my boy," answered his grandfather. "But you sleep lying on your bed. Have you ever tried to sleep sitting in a chair?"

"No," replied Umesh after a moment's thought. "That would be rather difficult. I don't think I could do it. Did Bapu really sleep sitting like this?"

"He had to do so once in a railway train. This painting, Umesh, reminds us of that day. I shall tell you about it."

For a moment Umesh's grandfather stood thinking. The boy waited patiently for him to begin the story. But the old man's mind was wandering.

"It is very difficult to gain victory over sleep," he said presently. "When a man is asleep and some one wakes him up, how angry he becomes! When a man is worried or afraid he finds it hard to sleep however tired he may be."

"That's quite right," said Umesh. "It sometimes happens to me."

"Very few people can go to sleep and wake up exactly when they want to," continued the old man. "That is why most people have to use alarm clocks when they want to get up early

in the morning. Sleep is hard to shake off and without the noise of an alarm clock most people cannot wake up early. Sometimes I have seen your mother scolding you, Umesh, when you have stayed in bed late."

"That is only when I am tired," explained the boy. "If I have had a good night's rest I can get up very early."

"That is true of all of us," agreed his grandfather. "But some people have control over their sleep even when they are tired. Bapu was one of them. Whenever he had a chance to take a rest and thought a sleep would do him good, Bapu could go to sleep at once. If he had to get up early in the morning he could wake up at the right time even if he had gone to bed very late the night before. He never needed an alarm clock."

"Why can't other people do the same thing?" asked Umesh.

"Some can," answered the boy's grandfather. "But not very many men have the knack. Another great Indian who could always control his sleep was Arjuna. That was why Krishna called Arjuna the Lord of Sleep. After what I have been saying you can understand why Krishna considered victory over sleep such an important thing. He would never have called Arjuna Lord of Sleep if it was not valuable for a man to be able to go to sleep and wake up

exactly when he wanted to. Bapu was another Lord of Sleep. He had as much control over sleep as Arjuna had."

"You were going to tell me the story about this picture," said Umesh. "Have you forgotten?"

"No, I had not forgotten," answered his grandfather. "I was telling you some other things first. But now I will tell you the story."

Umesh looked again at the picture and then at his grandfather who had stopped talking for a moment to think. Almost at once the old man began to tell the tale.

"One day," he said, "Bapu was going to Patna with some of his friends from the *ashram* at Sevagram. He was going to a meeting where he was to make a speech. As usual he was travelling in a third class carriage. During his journey to Patna he felt tired and wanted to have a rest. Two seats in the carriage were empty; so he lay down. Within a few seconds sleep had claimed him. After a little while the train stopped at a wayside station and several villagers climbed into the same compartment. They complained that the man who was sleeping was occupying several seats while they had none. Gandhiji's friends told the villagers to keep quiet because the sleeping man was an important leader. They said he should not be

disturbed. At this very moment Bapu woke up. At once one of the villagers who had just climbed into the carriage asked him to sit up and give him a seat. The villager told Bapu that he also had a ticket and that he had every right to sit down. He said he was going to Patna to hear the speech which the great leader Mahatma Gandhi was to make. Bapu immediately sat up and told the new arrivals to take their seats by his side. He signalled to his friends in the carriage not to tell these people his name as he thought they would be embarrassed and might insist that he should lie down again. Then Bapu went to sleep a second time sitting in his seat just as you see in the picture."

Gandhiji's control over sleep was so perfect that even when he was very tired he could lie down to sleep and be sure that he would be awake again after a little while if he had an appointment.

He was once having some important political discussions with Lord Irwin, one of the Viceroys of India. An Englishman had made an appointment to see him at three o'clock in the afternoon. Gandhiji was very tired but he could not finish his other work until a quarter to three. Then there were only fifteen minutes left before the Englishman was due to arrive. This did not worry Bapu. He thought fifteen minutes' sleep would do him a lot of good. So he lay down and fell asleep at once. In the nick of time he



awoke again and was ready to meet the Englishman.

“Here is another little story, Umesh,” said the boy’s grandfather. “I think it will surprise you. Bapu was in England at the Round Table Conference. During one of the meetings he was very tired as he had been working very hard for several days. The meeting that morning was about routine matters so Bapu decided to take advantage of the occasion and get some sleep. Purposely he slept only lightly so that although he was resting his ears were still listening to the discussion. In this way he was able to wake up at once when anything important was said !”





The greatest homage we can pay to truth  
is to use it. (Emerson)

SIX



The next painting in the gallery showed Mahatma Gandhi walking with a staff in his hand across a wooden bridge.



“This is a lovely picture,” said Umesh’s grandfather. “Bapu is on a pilgrimage. The picture shows us that even when Gandhiji began to grow old he had strength to march forward. His feet never failed him. When he came to obstacles in his path he



was never worried. He always had such an intense desire to reach the place to which he was going that no obstacle could stop him."

Every man finds there are several roads along which he can travel on the journey of life. One of these is a narrow path. It is the path of truth.

Gandhiji knew that of all the roads in front of him the narrow path of truth was the most difficult to keep to and the most full of obstacles. But he would never leave this path for he knew that no other would lead him straight to where he wanted to go. Even when he came to the worst obstacles and there were other roads leading around them Gandhiji would not care to go off the path of truth for a moment.

While looking at the picture of Gandhiji on his pilgrimage Umesh's grandfather began to tell the boy stories of how Bapu followed the way of truth. He explained how truth always stood Bapu in good stead.

One was a tale of Bapu's childhood.

Young Gandhi was in the seventh class in those days. One of the things that every student had to do was physical training.

The boys used to gather for exercises after the normal lessons were over. But Gandhiji could never concentrate on them for he did not

like doing them. Also, he was devoted to his father and preferred to go straight home after class to serve him. He would have liked to serve his father day and night.

The result was that Bapu sometimes became inattentive during the physical training classes though he was usually one of the most attentive boys in the school.

But whatever his likes and dislikes, and although he was sometimes careless even in his studies, Gandhiji's conduct was always blameless.

One evening he was supposed to attend the physical training class and he did not want to go. He started walking to the place where the exercises were held, but his mind was somewhere else.

There were clouds in sky that evening and Gandhiji was unable to guess the time from the sun as he usually did. Though he kept on walking in the right direction he became so interested in other things around him that he lost his sense of time altogether. When he reached the place where the exercises were held they were already over and the other students had gone. So Gandhiji returned quietly to his home.

On the following morning Gandhiji's teacher asked the young man to explain why he had not attended the physical training class.

For a moment young Gandhiji wondered what to say. He thought of telling a lie. But from his earliest days he had always been taught to tell the truth. So he made a clean breast of his thoughts.

"There were two reasons," he explained to his teacher. "The first was that I am not fond of exercises. I don't like doing them at all. And the second reason was that there were clouds in the sky and I lost my sense of time while I was going to the physical training ground."

Although Gandhiji had told the truth the teacher did not believe him. He thought that the boy had probably not gone to the place at all. So young Gandhi was fined.

Gandhiji paid his fine without a murmur but his heart was pained by what had happened. He found it difficult to understand why he had been punished when he had told the truth. It was his first experience of the fact that the path of truth is full of hardships.

As a child Gandhiji tried always to tell the truth. He was so much in favour of the truth that often his friends would find him acting the part of Harish Chandra over and over again.

But like almost every young person Gandhiji met all kinds of boys during his childhood. Some were good and some were bad. And as happens with so many children one of Gandhi's friends turned out to be bad.

Later Bapu realised his mistake in making friends with this particular boy whose influence left several stains on Gandhiji's crystal clear mind.

Young Gandhi knew from the start that this friend of his was a bad boy in some ways. His father had told him that he should not meet this boy. But Gandhiji's idea was a noble one. He thought that if he went on being friends he would be able to reform his companion and turn his bad habits into good ones.

Unfortunately Gandhiji had still to learn how strong are the forces of evil. Before he had realised this and before he could even have guessed what was happening his friend began to influence him. The result was that Gandhiji made some mistakes and did several things that he hated to think of later.

One day Gandhi's friend said to him; "Mohandas, all the great people of the world eat meat. Men who eat meat grow strong and fearless. Why do you think the English are so powerful? How is it that a few of them rule over so many millions of Indians? I will tell you the answer. It is because they eat meat!"

Gandhiji thought about this for a little while but before he could say anything his friend spoke again.

"There is no need to worry what other people will say," he told Gandhiji. And look



at your young brother. He is as strong as a lion and he runs very fast. But how weak you are ! If you start eating meat you will grow stronger than your brother. Then you will be able to fight against the British and free India."

These words had a great effect on Gandhiji's young mind. Almost at once he decided that his friend had hit the nail on the head. The thing he wanted to do most was to free his country from the foreign ruler. So after thinking carefully over his friend's advice he decided that he would try eating meat.

Although young Gandhi had now made up his mind about eating meat, he felt in his heart that he really did not want to touch it. For a time he wavered.

But at last he fixed a day when he would taste meat for the first time. The day came, but young Gandhi found he had not enough courage to put a piece in his mouth.

Soon after, however, Gandhiji decided that he had been a coward. So he went with his friend at once to a river bank outside his village where they cooked meat and *roti* and took their meal.

Gandhi expected that when he returned home he would feel much stronger than before. But he was surprised to find that he was only

worried. That night he could not sleep at all. Every time he began to go to sleep he had a dream which woke him up again. He dreamt that the young goat whose meat he had eaten was bleating inside his stomach.

In spite of the mental pain he suffered after his first meal of meat Gandhiji took it again five or six times. Each time the result was the same. And each time he blamed himself for lack of courage and decided he should try once more.

On each occasion Gandhiji could not, of course, eat a second meal when he came home. His mother was surprised when he would not eat at home and Gandhiji had to make excuses to explain why he was not hungry.

In this way the boy began to tell lies to his mother. But although he lied to save his mother the pain of knowing the truth, Gandhiji felt guilty whenever he thought of what he had done.

At last Gandhiji realised that if he went on eating meat he would have to go on telling lies. He decided that whatever happened he should not do anything which made him speak untruthfully. He understood that to do such things would mean having to follow the path of untruth. This, he knew, was the path along which thieves and murderers went in life. Suddenly Gandhiji realised that this was the path of all things bad, and from that day he gave up eating meat.

At once his heart felt gay again and he discovered that one of the finest ways of growing strong in character is by admitting one's faults and giving up everything bad. By admitting he had eaten meat he felt happier than he had for many weeks. He had learnt that honesty gives a man strength to walk. It was the incident in his childhood that first taught him the lesson of repentance.

Young Gandhiji's uncle used to smoke cigarettes.

Like so many young boys Gandhiji began to wonder what it was like to smoke. He bought some *biris* secretly and smoked them. At first he did not enjoy them but he felt sure that, as many grown up people smoked, it must be a good thing to do. So he persevered and smoked *biris* whenever he had a chance. Very soon smoking became a habit though he was only thirteen years old.

Once this habit had formed Gandhiji found he did not have enough money to smoke whenever he wanted to. But because the habit had grown strong he found it hard to do without *biris*. The result was that he began to pick up and smoke the ends of the cigarettes his uncle had thrown away.

One day when he was thinking about his new habit of smoking Gandhiji suddenly began to feel guilty. He realised what a silly thing

he was doing and what a horrible habit it was. He was so beside himself with disgust that he suddenly made up his mind to commit suicide. He went into the jungle to kill himself but fortunately his will power failed him and he was unable to end his life.

Gandhiji came back to his village in a very sad state of mind. But the fact that he had been through so much mental pain cured him of smoking. He never smoked again.

On one occasion Gandhiji's middle brother had been mixing with some undesirable friends and had got into debt for twenty five rupees. The two brothers were worried about this and made up their minds to sell a little of the gold from the bangles each was wearing. They sold the gold and repaid the debt but at once they felt guilty about what they had done.

Gandhiji felt more guilty than his brother and decided that he ought to tell his father. He could easily have done so but he was unable to summon up enough courage to go and speak to him. Instead he wrote a letter to his father in which he admitted his mistake. He also promised that such a thing would never happen again.

When Gandhiji's father read the letter tears came into his eyes and his son wept bitterly too. But Gandhiji had once again done the right thing. By admitting his mistake the



weight on his mind had been removed and he was able to talk to his father freely.

Here is another story which shows how firmly Bapu believed in following the path of truth.

While in South Africa he had a friend called Rustomji. Rustomji was a businessman. He used to import all kinds of goods from India. He made a good profit when he sold them in South Africa. But he was greedy and was not content with this profit. So he used to cheat when the goods arrived and pay less than the customs duty which the law laid down.

Gandhiji came to know what his friend was doing. He realised that Rustomji was playing a dangerous game and that the day would come when his tricks would be found out. But he did not feel it was his duty to interfere with the work of a businessman.

One day Rustomji was caught cheating and a case was prepared against him.

Rustomji immediately went to his friend Gandhi who was a well known lawyer. He admitted his mistake and begged his friend to help him.

"Only you can save me," he said.

"I can certainly save you, Rustomji," answered Bapu. "But I will do it on one condition only."

“What is that condition?” asked the businessman.

“You must admit your guilt before the Customs officers and tell them exactly what you have been doing and how long you have been doing it.”

Rustomji was most distressed when he heard this. He could not understand how he could be saved by telling the truth. But Gandhiji was not prepared to yield and insisted that he would only help his friend on this condition.

At last Bapu prevailed upon Rustomji to agree. The businessman went with his friend and admitted everything to the officials.

The judge was astonished when he found Gandhiji pleading his friend's case by pointing out that he had admitted all his mistakes. And when Bapu made Rustomji pay double the amount he had cheated the Government, the officials decided they should do nothing more.

When Umesh's grandfather had finished telling this story to the boy he smiled.

“You can see now what a fine lawyer Gandhiji was,” he said. “Most of our lawyers read thick books and spend their time turning truth into lies and lies into truth. They have learnt nothing from the early years of Mahatma Gandhi when he, too, was a lawyer.”

“What happened to Rustomji in the end?” asked Umesh.

"Although Gandhiji had made him pay double," said the old man, "the fact that Rustomji had admitted his mistakes set his worries at rest and the officials released him because they believed he would not do the same thing again. Rustomji himself was so impressed by what Gandhiji had done for him that he determined to make the most of what he had learnt. So he had the whole story of the case written out and hung in a big frame in his office for every one to read."

For a moment Umesh's grandfather was silent. Then he added these words : "Whoever became friendly with Bapu and accepted his way of truth, never had any worries in his life again !"







"I may differ from what you say, but I  
will defend unto death your right to say it."  
(Voltaire)

SEVEN



“Who is the man in the picture on the table beside Bapu?” Umesh asked his grandfather. He had been studying the next painting for a minute or two.

“It is Lokmanya Tilak,” answered the old man. “He was one of the great leaders of our country.”

In many matters Gandhiji did not see eye to eye with Tilak. Sometimes

SIXTY

he thought Tilak's ideas were completely wrong. But Gandhiji's humility and respect for others were not affected by such differences of opinion. Like the other great men he met Bapu respected Tilak immensely.

There is an interesting story which shows how sincere was Gandhiji's respect for Tilak.

In the year 1915 there were two groups in the Congress. People called them Left and Right. Gandhiji was a supporter of the Right group and Lokmanya Tilak was the leader of the Left. Mr. Mohammed Ali Jinnah was a leader in the Allahabad Provincial Congress in those days. On one occasion he announced a procession which Gandhiji was supporting. The young men of Tilak's group decided that they should organise another procession. But the authorities thought this might cause trouble and said that it should not be done.

The followers of Lokmanya Tilak felt hurt and Gandhiji understood their feelings. He realised it was unfair that Tilak had not been allowed to organise a rival procession.

In those days Bapu had not risen to the greatness of being called a Mahatma. He was not even an office bearer of the Congress and had no authority. So he decided to print a handbill under his own signature.

In this handbill Gandhiji said that Lokmanya Tilak was such a great man that he had made

up his mind, as Tilak could organise no procession, to go to his rival's reception. He suggested that all sincere people should do the same.

Coming from Tilak's opponent these words acted like magic and in spite of the restrictions of the authorities Lokmanya's reception was a great success.

All through his life Gandhiji practised tolerance. Even when he disagreed with people he tried his utmost to study and understand their views. He believed that every man makes mistakes and that this fact must always be remembered. He also advised everyone to try and understand his enemies' point of view.

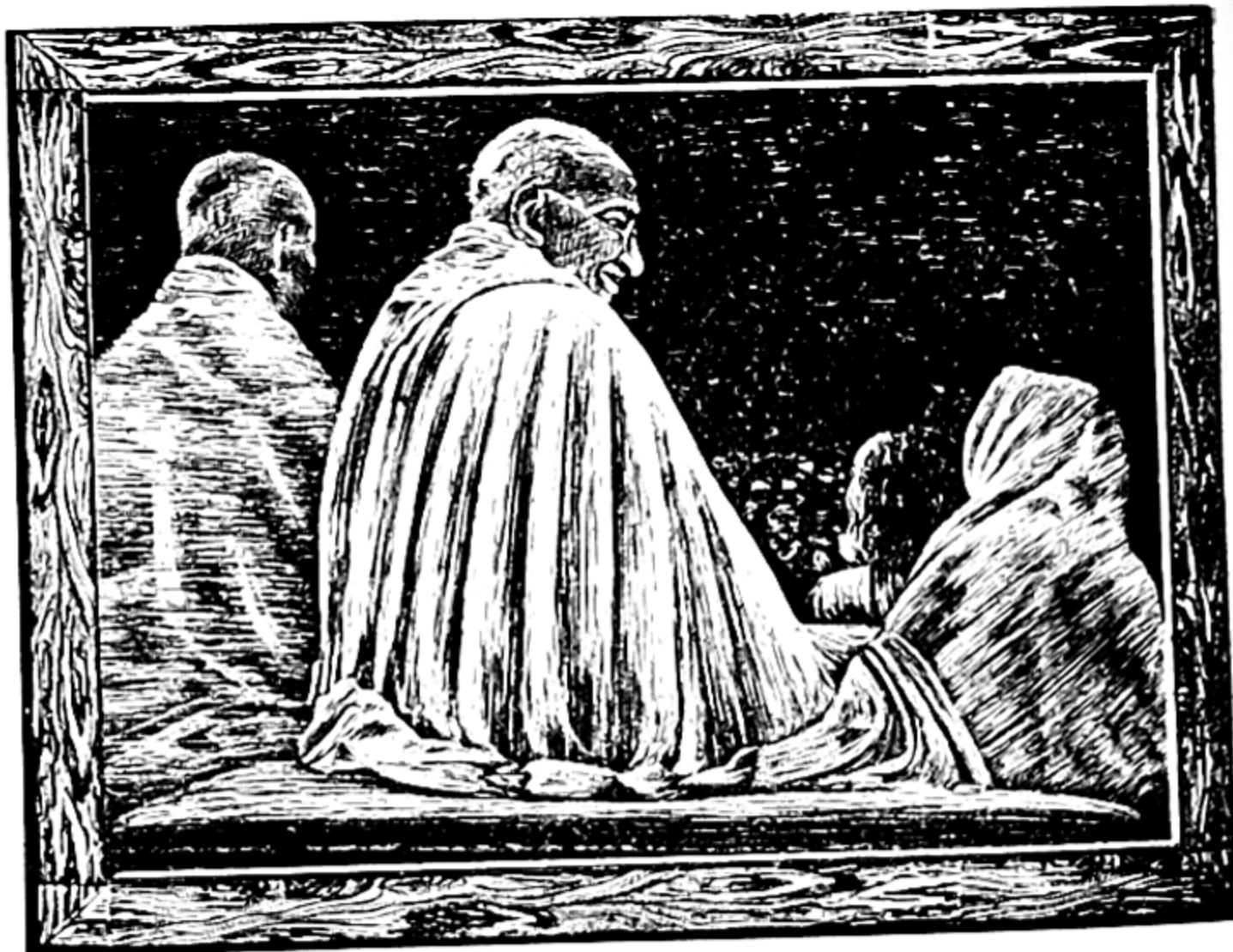
When Mr. Jinnah left the Congress he founded a new party and fought against his old one in the political field. But Bapu never forgot the days of his early friendship with Mr. Jinnah. He was still ready to meet him with open arms. In spite of their new political differences Bapu still felt affection for the founder of the Muslim League.

"No one has ever heard Bapu making an unkind remark about Mr. Jinnah," said Umesh's grandfather. "All of us need to learn to be tolerant and humble in the same way. That was the lesson of Mahatma Gandhi."



“He prayeth best who loveth best.”  
(Coleridge)

EIGHT



“Look,” said Umesh’s grandfather pointing to another picture. “Bapu is holding his prayer meeting.”

Gandhiji never forgot to pray. He was deeply devoted to God.

He believed that without an unshakable faith in God no man can become great. This belief of his was a source of great strength. His devotion to God was as deep as the ocean.

“I can say with my hand on my heart,” Bapu once told his friends, “that I



have never forgotten God even for a moment in my life. In the last twenty years I have always kept one eye on God whatever I may have been doing."

When a man's devotion to God is so firm, light comes into his heart. He can never tell a lie. He can never steal. He does everything with the knowledge that God is watching him. He is able to achieve victory over his mind, his body and his soul. Bapu possessed all these virtues because there was light in his heart. God was first and foremost in his life.

"You know, Umesh, what complicated problems Gandhiji had to face. Often he had most difficult questions to answer. Also he had to play all kinds of parts in life's drama. He led the fight against the British and had to play the part of a commander. But when there were riots in the country he had to persuade the people to be calm and peaceful."

In our country there are many bad customs. Some Hindus used to look down on people of the lower castes and call them untouchables. Bapu made them Harijans.....God's People.

You may wonder how Gandhiji succeeded in solving his problems on his own. How can a man overcome so many difficulties alone ?

Bapu had his own way of finding the best answers. He would meditate for hours on difficult questions and at last he would find the

solution. "I have heard the Voice of God," he would say.

Once, after long meditation, Gandhiji decided he would have to go in for civil disobedience. He went on a pilgrimage to Dandi. His plan was to break the Salt Law.

Some people asked Pandit Moti Lal Nehru if any good will come of this step.

"Only Gandhi knows Gandhi's affairs," answered the Pandit.

Later when Moti Lal saw with his own eyes the result of the Dandi March he could only say, "Gandhi is a magician."

Again and again Gandhiji made decisions which seemed strange. He led India forward along a path that was very difficult to keep to. But it proved to be the right path. Gandhiji chose it because of the light in his heart.

Though Gandhiji would listen to others he always looked to God for guidance. His followers always came to him with their problems and he trusted in God to help him find the best solutions. Because of his faith in God he acquired a wonderful self-confidence.

It was also a result of his belief in God that Gandhiji developed a great respect for all religions.



He used to read the Geeta regularly. But he did not read it in the way that most people do.

“What is there in just reading the Geeta?” he once asked a friend. “What matters is whether you act on its advice.”

It was from the Geeta that Gandhiji learnt to tolerate all religions. To him Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Parsis and Christians were all alike. All were the children of the same God. All religions, he believed, were different ways of remembering and honouring the supreme Lord.

By thinking in this way Bapu could hate no one. Perhaps, too, it was why he loved so much to hear the hymn “Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram.”

As we have already learnt Gandhiji did not only read the Geeta. When he had time he would also read verses from the Koran, hymns from the Guru Granth Sahib and parables from the Bible. He loved God’s words in whatever form they were written.

“Umesh.” said the old man, “Let us learn from Bapu here and now that all religions are alike. God lives in every man’s body. To hate some one just because he is a Hindu, a Muslim or a Christian is to hate God.”



“He who reigns within himself and  
rules his passions, desires and fears is more  
than a King.” (Milton)

NINE



“Look Umesh ! Bapu is breaking his fast. He is taking only orange juice.”

Umesh and his grandfather were looking at the next painting.

“Why did Bapu undertake fasts ?” asked Umesh.

“He fasted because he believed that the human body is the dwelling place of God,” answered the old man. “Because of this he believed it was man’s sacred duty to keep his body healthy and clean.”



SEVENTY



Bapu used to teach us that we should not expect too much work of our bodies. To overwork your body is to be unkind to it. The best way of looking after the body is to give it rest.

"How do you think we can best keep our bodies healthy?" the old man asked Umesh.

"By eating lots of good food," answered the boy.

"Many people will tell you that," admitted Umesh's grandfather. "But Bapu thought otherwise."

The old man reminded the boy that some people who eat plenty of fruit and drink fresh milk daily are unfit all the same. The reason, he explained, is that they eat too much and too often. Bapu believed that to keep the body pure one must fast sometimes and give it rest. It goes without saying that diseases cannot thrive in a pure and healthy body.

There is an English saying which runs: "A sound mind in a sound body." Gandhiji believed this and taught us that by fasting we make our minds healthy as well as our bodies. In this way the mind becomes filled with pure thoughts and the soul is strengthened. No evil can fight against the strength of the soul.

"How is the body purified by fasting?" asked Umesh. "The human body is like a

machine,” explained the old man. “It has many different parts. Some of them are like delicate instruments. The stomach is one of them. Whatever we eat is digested in our stomachs. But what we eat in the morning is not fully digested by midday. When you take a meal at noon, the stomach is still doing its work digesting your breakfast. So you see, Umesh, the stomach never gets a rest if you eat several times every day. Without rest it gets tired and becomes weak. By fasting you can give your stomach a rest. That is why many wise people believe in fasting at least one day each week.”

Gandhiji hated to do anything by halves. Sometimes he used to fast for long periods. On some occasions he ate nothing for three weeks. During long fasts he would sometimes take lime juice and water. But several of his long fasts were so strict that he only allowed himself to drink pure water.

During these long fasts Bapu used to spend many hours in meditation. For long periods he would think only of God. By such fasts not only was body cleaned completely but his soul was purified too.

“Not every one can undertake such long fasts Umesh,” explained the boy’s grandfather. “It needs a great deal of self control. Only those who have practised self control in their childhood are able to fast for long periods when they are older.”

Gandhiji practised self control all his life. Once his wife, Kasturba, fell sick. She became very ill and no one seemed able to make her well. Bapu thought that if she stopped taking salt her blood would be purified and the disease would be driven out.

He said to her, "Your health is not improving. If you stop taking salt I am sure you will soon grow fit again."

"How is it possible?" asked Kasturba. "How can I take my food without salt?"

"Is it so very necessary to eat salt in one's food?" asked Bapu.

"You should try and go without it yourself," answered his wife. "Then you will know the answer."

At once Gandhiji gave up taking salt and proved to his wife that it was not difficult for a person with self control.

Gandhiji's youngest son, Devadas, once decided to follow his father's example. He made up his mind to purify his blood by eating his food without salt for some time.

For several days he took no salt. But one morning the vegetables that had been prepared for the rest of the family looked very tempting. Devadas could not resist tasting them. He asked for some of these vegetables but his father would not allow him to touch them.

Gandhiji knew that Devadas had been going without salt and told him he must not give in to his sudden desire.

At first Devadas turned a deaf ear to his father. But Gandhiji was determined to teach his son self control and thought of a way to persuade him not to break his promise.

"I will eat nothing at all," he told Devadas "until you take the food that has been prepared for you without salt. In fact," he added, "I shall not eat until you come and tell me yourself that you have eaten your own food."

By the evening Devadas had realised his mistake. He went to his father.

"Father," he said, "I am ready to take my food without salt."

"My son," answered Gandhiji, "I am so happy to hear it. But please don't make a mistake and think that your decision is my victory. On the other hand it is your own. You have proved that you can practise self control."

Gandhiji did not fast only to purify his own body and soul. Sometimes when someone in the *ashram* had made a serious error Bapu would consider that it was due to some fault of his own. "There must be something evil in me," he would say. "My friend has become tainted with it. If it was not so how could he have made such a mistake? I am to blame. I must fast for his sake."



Gandhiji undertook one such fast in South Africa.

A young friend of his had intentionally done something wrong. Gandhiji was very distressed and decided to fast for fifteen days to help purify his friend's mind.

Kasturba happened to be very ill at the time. She had grown thin and Gandhiji's friends were afraid she would grow worse if her husband were to fast. Some of them thought that the strain might even be fatal for her. But Gandhiji was more concerned about his friend's mistake and started his fast.

This made his friends still more worried. At the time of evening prayers the following day they begged him to break and postpone the fast.

"Your wife is too ill to bear seeing you in trouble," they told him.

"In a way you may be right," Gandhiji answered them. "You fear that my wife will be so affected by my fasting now that she may die. But why should we be afraid? We all have to die some time. Even if I were afraid my wife might die after a few days. I should not give up my fast. I made up my mind to fast to help my friend. It would be my weakness if I was to change my decision now for any reason. Please do not insist that I give up my fast. If you do I shall be disappointed and

it will be difficult for me to complete the fast in peace.”

Bapu's friends at the *ashram* were unable to answer their teacher. Gandhiji went ahead with his fast. Kasturba did not die and on the sixteenth day the fast was broken with orange and lime juice. Gandhiji had demonstrated the power of his self control. The friend he had fasted for was so ashamed that his heart was completely purified.

“Listen, Umesh, to the story of one of Bapu's greatest fasts,” said the old man after a minute or two of silence. “It was in 1942, and the second world war was in full swing. Our leaders had decided that England had no right to expect support from India in the war since we had not been given our freedom.

“Japan's soldiers reached the eastern boundaries of India and India's position became dangerous. Still the Indian leaders refused to support England unless she gave India her independence at once. The British had promised by this time to give us our freedom after the war was over. But our leaders did not trust the British. They had broken such promises many times.

“The leaders of both the countries went to great lengths to try and bridge the gap between them but they had no success. So Gandhiji decided to launch the famous ‘Quit India’ campaign.

"The Indian leaders told the English rulers that they must leave India at once ; otherwise they would be turned out of the country within one week by non-violent means."

"How could Gandhiji say that ?" asked Umesh. "How could it have been done ?"

"Many things that Bapu said seem strange," answered the boy's grandfather. "But Gandhiji told the people of India that his threat could certainly be carried out. 'From today,' he explained, 'every man and woman of India must consider himself to be free. English power in the country depends on us. If we stop all work today and refuse to cooperate with the British their government will collapse. If every single shopkeeper and factory worker, every sweeper and every clerk stops work today the English will be able to do nothing and they will have to go.'"

"What a wonderful idea !" said Umesh with great enthusiasm. "What happened after that ?"

"Unfortunately the British arrested every single Congress leader before Gandhiji could launch his campaign," answered the grandfather. "They locked up the whole lot. Most of the leaders were put in jails, but Gandhiji was sent to the Aga Khan's palace at Poona. That happened on the 9th August, 1942. After that day there was not a single leader who was

free. Some people still tried to carry out Bapu's plan but they could not succeed without leaders. And whenever some one tried to lead his friends in revolt the British would arrest him too."

It was to bring home to the British the determination of Indians never to give in that Bapu undertook the most famous fast of his life. He was quite an old man in those days but he decided to fast for twenty one days.

Bapu began his fast in custody on the 10th February 1943. Within a week he became ill. February 21st was a terrible day for him. The whole world kept their eyes on on the headlines from India. Even the British Government were convinced that the Mahatma was bound to die. They kept armed police and troops ready in case there were riots.

But Gandhiji did not die. Though 70 years old he ate nothing at all for twenty one days and he surprised even his doctors by remaining alive. When he broke his fast Indians everywhere heaved a deep sigh of relief. Gandhiji had proved to the world how great was his power of self control."

"I have heard," said Umesh, "that Bapu used to observe days of silence. Is that true?"

"Yes," answered the boy's grandfather. "That was another way he used to practise self control. When we talk we waste the energy of



our mind and the only way to prevent some of this waste is by keeping silent. Every one of us can profit by making good use of silence. You, too, should try it Umesh. You should make a rule that you will say nothing for two or three hours in the evening one day every week."





**“ 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up  
but to support him after.” (Shakespeare)**

TEN



The next picture showed Gandhiji in a Harijan colony. It is in New Delhi. Bapu often used to stay there when he visited the city.

“You see,” explained Umesh’s grandfather, “Bapu believed and taught that service of the down-trodden was equal to the worship of God.”

Gandhiji practised what he preached so well that millions of Harijans considered him to be their Saviour. They used to worship him as a saint. They called him their Mahatma.





"How did Bapu help the poor Harijans?" asked Umesh.

"In many ways," said the old man. "For instance he fought for their right to enter Hindu temples. Only caste Hindus were allowed in most temples in the old days. Now, thanks to Bapu's efforts, they can go into almost every temple in the country. Gandhiji helped the Harijans in other ways too. He helped all poor people by teaching them to spin cotton thread at home. In this way they were able to earn money in their spare time."

Gandhiji believed so firmly in spinning that he used to take a spinning wheel with him where ever he went. He would not only tell poor people they should spin but would do so himself.

Gandhiji believed that the most sincere people are those who have to work with their hands for their daily bread.

"God is with those whose clothes are torn," he once said. "God helps the poor whose hands are dirty from their labour. He lives in the cottages of the poor. He is the Saviour of the poor. That is why God is pleased with those of us who serve the down-trodden."

Bapu always lived the life of a poor man. If he saw one *paisa* wasted he felt as pained as though a theft had taken place.

Once Gandhiji was busy at work. The light in the room was rather dim. So he gave instructions that a window should be made in one of the walls.

Later on he thought the matter over. People did not usually work in that room and Bapu realised it would be a waste of money to fit a window there. At once he admitted his mistake for he hated to see money wasted.

“Many years later,” said Umesh’s grandfather, “a similar thing happened while Bapu was on a tour of Bengal.”

“Why did he go on the tour ?” asked the boy, interrupting.

“He was doing the work of a saint,” explained the old man. “The Hindus and Muslims of Bengal were fighting among themselves. They were thirsty for each other’s blood. So Bapu went on a tour of Bengal to tell the people they should keep the peace and love each other.”

“I see; but what happened ?” asked Umesh.

“When Bapu reached Noakhali,” went on the old man, “he discovered that more money than necessary was being spent on the tour. He was always on the alert against wastage. He believed that the tour was more important than anything else at that time. But still he was very

angry about the money being spent extravagantly. 'We are making this tour in God's name,' he explained 'and God hates waste !' "

Gandhiji used to look after his smallest possessions as carefully as a millionaire watches over his property. He would keep an eye on everything he possessed and he rarely lost anything.

But one day Bapu mislaid a small pencil. Every one at the *ashram* helped him hunt for it. When nobody succeeded in finding it a friend offered him a new pencil. But Gandhiji refused it.

"I want the very pencil I have lost," he told his friend. "I have no right to accept a new one just because I have mislaid my old one. That is how our country's wealth is wasted."

Once a member of the *ashram* left the remains of a cake of soap in the bathroom. He thought the piece had become too small to use.

Gandhiji came across that piece of soap and put it in its proper place, so that it could be used again.

"Our country is poor," he told the man who had left it in the bathroom. "It is only by avoiding waste that poor people succeed in making both ends meet," he went on. "It is the same with our country. Unless we all do our level

best to avoid waste India will never grow any richer."

"Gandhiji did not live the life of a poor man only in India," said Umesh's grandfather. "Listen to this story of the days when he was in South Africa."

The old man told his grandson how every Indian labourer in South Africa had to carry a pass in those days. Whenever the police asked to see an Indian worker's pass he had to show it.

One day a European policeman mistook Bapu for a labourer.

"Where is your pass?" he asked.

"I haven't got one," answered Gandhiji.

This was enough for the policeman. He would listen no more and took Bapu to the police station.

At the police station another white policeman asked Bapu his name.

"My name is Gandhi," Bapu replied.

The name of Gandhi had become a household word in South Africa. It was known to every child. The policeman thought Bapu had told a lie. He thought Bapu was a labourer who had said his name was Gandhi so that he would be set free.



At that moment the Inspector of Police arrived.

"What is Mr. Gandhi doing here?" he asked. He had recognised Bapu at once.

Gandhiji was released and the Inspector apologised.

"I am glad the constable detained me," Bapu told him. "I have learnt something. Now I know what it is like to be an Indian labourer in South Africa. I know what it feels like to be looked down on."

Umesh was happy to hear this story.

"I have learnt something too," he said. "Now I understand how sincerely Bapu loved to serve the down-trodden."





“Obscurity in writing is commonly a proof of darkness in the mind; the greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness”  
(Wilkins)

ELEVEN



“Look, Umesh ! Bapu is writing. I think he is writing an article for his paper. He was an excellent writer.”



The boy's grandfather was right. Gandhiji was very well read in English and no one can pick holes in his writing. He wrote such fine prose that many Englishmen praised his command of their language.

Gandhiji has even been compared with two great figures in English literature.



They are Ruskin and Carlyle. They wrote in short but beautiful sentences. Gandhiji did the same.

Anyone can easily understand exactly what Bapu has written. This is because of the simple way he used to write both in English and Gujarati, his mother tongue.

Bapu's fine simple style of writing was the result of his clear thinking. If you read any of his books or articles you will see how precise were his thoughts. In the same way you can see for yourself what an artist he was at putting his thoughts on paper.

Here is an example of the simple charm of Bapu's thoughts.

He was gazing at the moon one night. He was so impressed by the grandeur of nature that he wanted others to understand his emotions.

"When I look," said Bapu, "at the glory of the sunset or the beauty of the moon my whole being begins to worship God."

One night Mira Ben, an English woman disciple of the Mahatma, had picked some flowers to make a garland.

"Trees and flowers are living beings like ourselves," said Bapu when he saw them. "They have life. They eat and they drink. They sleep at night just as we do. So it is cruel of us to pluck them in their sleep. People love to make

garlands for me. But it hurts me when I think that these flowers were sleeping peacefully when they were picked."

Surely no one but a poet could think such lovely thoughts !

"How many books did Bapu write?" asked Umesh.

"He did not write many books," answered the old man. "But if we were to collect together everything he wrote we could fill many volumes."

Some great authors write poetry. Others write on science or on education. But Gandhiji was able to write well on almost every subject.

"Nowadays, Umesh," said the boy's grandfather, "scholars are trying to collect all Bapu's writings together. But this work will take time. Perhaps one day you will be able to read almost everything that Gandhiji wrote. In the meanwhile you would do well to read his autobiography. It will teach you many things every young man and woman should know."

“It is only the fear of God that can deliver us from the fear of man”

(Bulleh Shah)

TWELVE



In the next painting Gandhiji could be seen on a pilgrimage. On either side of the road people had turned out to watch him.

“Where is Bapu going?” asked Umesh.

The boy’s grandfather looked at the picture for a little while. Then he moved closer and read the words printed below.

“This picture shows Bapu on the famous Dandi March,” he said. “See how fearlessly he marches forward !”



NINETYFOUR



There was a law that no one might make salt without a license. This law had been made by the British and every one hated it. Gandhiji decided to march to Dandi in order to break this law.

“Bapu had a great deal of courage,” said Umesh’s grandfather. “When he announced that he was going on the March the British warned the military authorities to be ready for trouble. Units of the army stood by with their weapons. Bapu had no weapons. He went on his March with nothing but the soul strength of non-violence in his heart. He trusted only in God. That was why he was never defeated.

Gandhiji told all his followers that the sincere *satyagrahi* could never be defeated. He believed in the power of non-violence so firmly that he personally never knew the meaning of fear.

Once when Gandhiji was in South Africa some Pathans suspected that he had collaborated with the South African government. They caught him and beat him severely. Bapu was so badly hurt that he was on the verge of death. His life was saved only because a padre came to his help and looked after him.

When Gandhiji had recovered many people were still looking for a chance to beat him. Several of his friends warned him that he should be careful where ever he went. But Gandhiji only laughed at them.

“My friends,” he told them, “I am the leader of the men who beat me. It is my duty to help them. If I am afraid of them how shall I be able to do my duty? It was my destiny that I should be beaten by my own countrymen. I should be happy that my destiny has been fulfilled. The men who beat me believed there was a flaw in my patriotism. That is why they wanted to beat me. If I gave them the chance to think as they did then it was my mistake.”

While Gandhiji was in South Africa he had a close friend called Kalen Beck. Beck was a German. He followed Bapu where ever he went. One day Beck heard that some people were looking for a chance to attack Gandhiji. The German decided he should protect his master. He put a pistol in his pocket and followed Bapu like a shadow.

Gandhiji suddenly discovered that his friend was carrying a weapon.

“What is the need of it ?” he asked,

Beck felt a little guilty for not having told Bapu what he was doing. He explained at once.

“I heard that some people were planning to attack you,” he said. “I kept this pistol with me so that I could protect you if anything happened.”

“I made you my friend,” said Gandhiji. “Since when have you thought it your duty to

protect me ? That is God's privilege. God decides when a man is born and when he is to die. We should have no love for ourselves. We should only love others. I may not die today but one day I shall have to die. It is for God to choose the day."

Kalen Beck was astonished at his master's fearlessness. But he accepted Bapu's advice. He never touched a weapon again in his life.

Some time later Bapu was travelling from Durban to Johannesburg. He was informed that a party had planned to ambush him and kill him on the way.

One of his party of *satagyrakis* advised him to change his route.

"If I do not go the way I have planned," Bapu told them, "it will be due to fear. If I were to change my plans on account of fear I would not be fit to live and be your leader. If I go the way I have planned and somebody succeeds in catching and killing me, at least I will know I have done my duty. I should be happy that God's wish has been fulfilled."

Umesh had listened to these stories in wonder.

"How brave Bapu was !" he said to his grandfather.

"Indeed he was brave, my son," answered the old man. "You must be brave too. Today

every man and woman must be brave if India is to make the most of her freedom."





"With the fearful strain that is on me  
night and day, if I did not laugh I should  
die."  
(Abraham Lincoln)

THIRTEEN



“What a lovely picture!” exclaimed Umesh when he saw the next painting. Bapu was shown sitting close to Pandit Nehru. Both were laughing happily.



Humour was one of the foundations of Gandhiji's life. He had to think so much and so deeply. He had to face thousands of problem. Yet his days were never dull because of his sense of humour.

“I shall tell you a tale of his humour,” said the

ONE HUNDRED

old man to his grandson. "It is about a gentleman from Madras. He was supposed to be an expert on food. He once came to Sevagram.

He thought he could teach Bapu a thing or two about food. He had studied the effects of food on people. He said he had made experiments by feeding different kinds of people with different kinds of food. He came to Gandhiji who was lying on his bed. Bapu was drinking milk before going to sleep.

"Cows' milk is not human food," said the Madrasi. "Only mother's milk is a natural food for men. We should not drink goats' milk or cows' milk. Those that drink the milk of animals grow like those animals."

Gandhiji pulled the bed sheet over his head and laughed.

"You are right," he said from under the sheet. "I am growing horns because I drink goats' milk! Run away all of you or I may butt you with them!"

Umesh laughed merrily when he heard this story and it was some time before he and his grandfather went on to see the next picture.





**“Nothing good ever came of violence.”**  
**(Martin Luther)**



Next along the wall hung a large painting. In it were seen Mahatma Gandhi, the Lord Buddha, Guru Nanak and Jesus Christ.

Umesh gazed at the picture for a little while. Then he pointed out the figures.

"That is the Buddha, and that is Guru Nanak," he said. "The third man, of course, is Bapu. But who is the fourth?"

"He is the Lord Jesus Christ," replied the boy's grandfather. "These four wise men were the four greatest teachers of non-violence."



All well educated Indian children know the story of the Lord Buddha. He was born at Kapilwastu in Northern India about 2,500 years ago.

He was born a prince, but he gave up the comforts of the world. Instead he went to the forests in search of knowledge and truth.

"The Buddha taught that non-violence was the finest form of religion," said the old man. "You must have heard the story in which he saved the life of a swan."

"Yes, I have," answered Umesh.

"About 400 years after the Buddha," went on the old man, "another saint was born. He lived in a small country called Palestine. The people called him Jesus Christ. This man believed, like the Lord Buddha, that non-violence was the greatest virtue. He founded the Christian religion."

"That leaves Guru Nanak and Gandhiji," said the boy, looking at the picture again.

"Yes," replied his grandfather. "The first Guru of the Sikhs lived about 1500 years after Christ. He was another great teacher of non-violence. Only one man of our time was as great as these three. He, of course, was Mahatma Gandhi."

Gandhiji made use of non-violence in hundreds of different ways. He met with more

success than any of the great men that lived before him. The seeds of truth and non-violence were in his blood from his childhood. But it was in South Africa that he was able to test the value of non-violence for the first time.

In those days Indians in South Africa were treated with great contempt. The white people called them coolies.

There were many special laws for Indians. For example they were not allowed to travel in the first class on railway trains.

Once Gandhiji was sitting in a first class compartment. A white man got in and was furious to find Bapu there. The newcomer called the railway officials. They told Bapu to leave the compartment, but he refused. Then the police were sent for. Bapu was forced to leave and his bags were thrown onto the platform.

Umesh frowned when he heard this story.

"You feel annoyed," said the old man. "You hate to hear the insults Bapu had to bear."

"It makes me feel very angry," agreed the boy.

"It is the same with most people," said Umesh's grandfather. "But Gandhiji was not annoyed when he was forced to leave the first class carriage. Instead he quietly made up his mind to fight against injustice."

Once Gandhiji had to travel in a tonga with some English officials. Bapu sat in front. The Englishmen were behind.

In the middle of the night one of the English men felt like smoking. He wanted to sit in front to smoke and told Gandhiji to sit on the footboard.

Bapu refused. At once the white man became furious and hit Gandhiji.

Gandhiji quietly accepted this insult. But he did not move from his place. Presently the white man realised Bapu had won a moral victory over him. He stayed where he was in the back seat and smoked there.

This was Bapu's first experience of the power of non-violence. At once he began to teach his followers that *satyagraha* always wins in the end.

Bapu soon began to make use of *ahimsa* in almost every walk of life. He was successful always. He realised that non-violence was the best weapon to use against the British Government.

It is very difficult for an ordinary man to practise non-violence fully. A clever brain and a pure heart are needed even to understand it properly.

Bapu was born with a clever brain. But the purity of his heart came from personal discipline.



He made his heart pure by practising four things. He learnt to speak the truth. He fasted. He observed days of silence. And he served the down-trodden.

Bapu was so fearless that he had no difficulty in fighting against the British.

“India is our country,” he told them. “You should go to your own and leave us to ours.”

When the foreigners refused to listen to him he spoke to his own people instead.

“You are Indians,” he said. “India is yours. Do not obey the foreign laws. Break them and force those that made them to go.”

The Indian people at once put Bapu’s advice into practice. Laws were broken. The non-cooperation movement was launched.

The British could not face Gandhiji long. At first he was put in jail like all the other Congress leaders. In jail he started a fast of twentyone days.

Bapu’s life was very valuable and the British knew that if he died in jail the whole world would blame them. So Gandhiji was released.

As soon as he was fit again he told the foreigners once more that they should go. But they would not agree. So Bapu asked the people to start breaking laws again. He was

locked up a second time. Before long he started another fast, and again he was released.

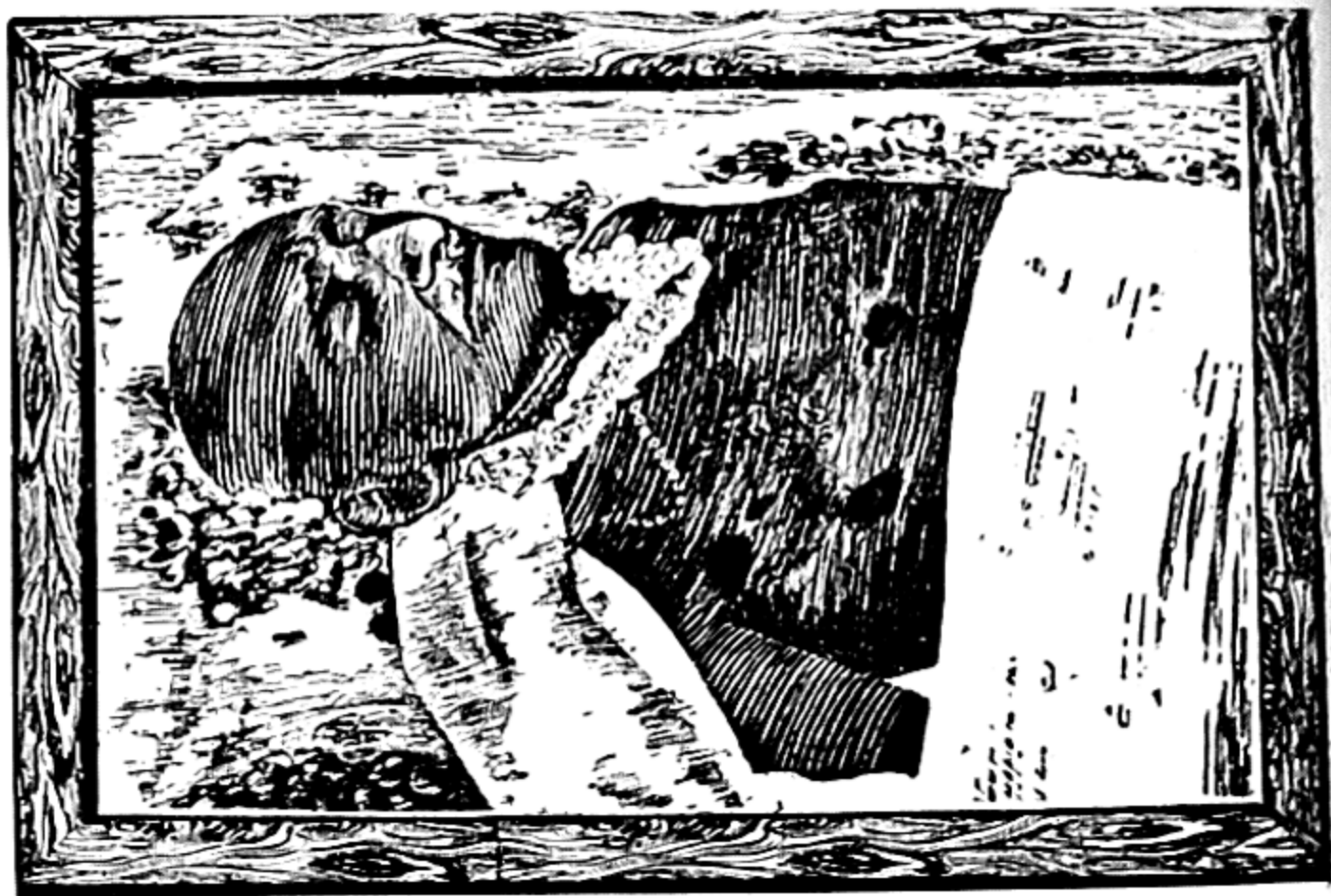
“In this way,” explained Umesh’s grandfather, “the British were troubled so much that they finally left the country. Bapu’s non-violence had won the day.”





Weapons cleave him not,  
Nor fire burneth him,  
Nor waters wet him,  
Nor wind drieth him away.

(Bhagwad Gita)



"This is the last picture," said Umesh's grandfather.

He and the boy were looking at it reverently like the other visitors. It showed the Mahatma's body surrounded with flowers.

No one spoke for several seconds. Then Umesh broke the silence.

"Is Bapu asleep?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the old man. "He is asleep for all time."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Umesh.

"The Father of the Nation is dead," explained the boy's grandfather. "He sacrificed his life for an





ideal, Umesh, like all the greatest men. He did yeoman service for his nation. But one of his countrymen shot him. Three bullets were fired at him. He fell and.....”

But the old man could not go on. Tears were in his eyes. He bit his lower lip and tried to control himself. But the tears began trickling down his cheeks.

Umesh understood and said nothing.

“That was the end of Bapu’s wonderful pilgrimage,” said the old man when he had dried his eyes. “That was the end of a life of continuous struggle. He fought against injustice and untruth, my son. He died in the battle.”

There was silence for a little while. But Umesh was still curious.

“Who shot Bapu?” he asked presently. “Why was he shot?”

The old man thought for a moment. Then he turned to Umesh.

“I can’t tell you now, my boy,” he said. “It is an unpleasant story. It would take long to tell and it is hard to understand. I will try to explain it to you another day.”

Umesh wondered exactly what his grandfather meant. He looked once more at the last picture. But he said nothing.

Then he and the old man walked out into the open. Still they said nothing for they were both deep in thought. They started quietly on their way home.

## EXERCISES

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

To take off ; to pay one's homage ; in memory of ; to gaze at ; to trickle down ; presently ; in the flesh ; for a moment ; after a pause ; a little while ; as well as.

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :

- (a) All come in silently and reverently.
- (b) He was certainly the greatest man of our age.
- (c) They remind us that Bapu remembered God even while he was dying.
- (d) His greatness lay in his simplicity.
- (e) His eyes sparkled.

3. Change the form of narration :—

“Come Umesh,” added the child's grandfather. “There is a picture gallery over there. There are many paintings of Mahatma Gandhi hanging on its walls. Come, let us go and have a look at them.”

4. Punctuate :—

Why was Bapu so great he asked he was such a simple man that he never wore fine clothes like most great men he only wore a loin cloth.

5. Construct sentences to show that you understand the difference in meaning between the following pairs :—  
a little, the little ; hard, hardly ; famous, notorious ; great, big ; remind, remember ; clothes, cloths, cloin, lion ; look, see.

6. (a) Make nouns from—see ; go ; pay ; simple :  
(b) Give antonyms of—quiet ; sweet ; great ; warmly.  
(c) Use as nouns : go notice ; smile ; fine.

## ONE

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

As a matter of fact ; of course ; clean and tidy ; by way of ; to take advantage of ; for want of ; to give up ; to do harm to ; for once and for all ; a burning point ; to lead the fight.

2. Change into indirect form of speech :

"What does this picture show grandfather ?" asked Umesh.

"This, my boy, is Gandhiji's own cottage at Sevagram. He founded an Ashram there."

"Why did not he have a better house ?" asked the boy. "Could'nt he afford to have a fine bungalow ?"

3. Construct sentences to show that you understand the difference in meaning between the following pairs of words :

Own, won ; afford, offered ; new, knew ; course, coarse ; invent, discover ; later, latter, wear, ware.

4. Analyse :

(a) The first picture they saw showed a poor man's hut.

(b) That was when he invented the moral weapon we call Satyagraha.

5. Fill up with suitable prepositions :

(a) Bapu felt a great pride—doing his work.

(b) He was very fond—vegetables and fruit.

(c) The whole world is ready to fall—his feet.

(d) They started looking—the paintings.

6. Write a paragraph on "Simple living and high thinking".

## TWO

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

To attend to; sympathetic; apart from; to look after; heart and soul ; to do the trick ; instead ; before long ; to fall off ; to make one feel ill ; by halves ;

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :—

- (a) The sun and fresh air are the best healers.
- (b) Leprosy is a terrible disease and the sick man's condition grew worse and worse.
- (c) His sores were so bad that it made me feel ill to see them.
- (d) Service of the people is service of God.

3. Analyse :

He was sure that if a sick man could be made well nature could do the trick as well as any doctor.

4. Change the form of narration :

“Think, Umesh,” said the old man, “how horrible it was ! I once saw a man who had suffered for a long time. His sores were so bad that it made me feel ill to see them.”

5. (a) make nouns from—believe ; live ; bleed, prove refuse.  
(b) use as nouns—call ; trouble, send, catch.

## THREE

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

To grow worried ; in a hurry ; in the nick of time ; to feel ashamed ; after a little while ; hard and fast ; to breathe one's last ; by oneself.

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :

- (a) He was quite a long way away from the place.
- (b) It is sinful to break rules and principles.
- (c) Sometimes this would offend important visitors.
- (d) Always be punctual and always keep to your principles.

3. Analyse :—

He talked with Bapu for half an hour and then Gandhiji suddenly excused himself and said. "I am afraid I shall have to leave you for it is the time for my daily walk."

4. Change into indirect form of speech :

"You should try and learn these two virtues from Bapu," said the old man. "Always be punctual and always keep to your principles."

5. Use the following words as verbs and nouns :

pedal ; past ; stand ; hurry ; bell.

## FOUR

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

To hold water ; in one's interest ; hold good ; to poison one's ears ; to act on ; to run through ; to speak ill of ; to come to senses ; to lose sight of ; to make friends.

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi.

- (a) You are almost laughing.
- (b) Gandhiji had very few possessions of his own.
- (c) He would not do anything so silly.
- (d) No good will ever come from telling lies.

3. Use the following words as verbs and nouns :  
poison ; sum ; love ; fight ; bomb.



4. Change the form of narration :

“Look very carefully at these monkeys”, he said, “you will see that one has put his paws over his eyes, the second has put them over his mouth and the third one has covered his ears with them.”

“Yes, I see”, said Umesh. “What does it mean ?”

5. Analyse :

He never lost sight of the fact that whatever they thought and for whatever reasons they were keeping him in prison, it would be wrong of him to say anything against them.

6. Practise the following uses of “to come”

Come to senses ; come to grief ; come of ; come off ; come round ; come up ; come out.

## FIVE

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

Fast asleep; like a log; to gain victory over; to shake off; to go to bed; almost at once; by one's side; to do good; a lot of; routine matters; to take advantage of; purposely; to make an appointment.

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :

1. If I have had a good night's rest, I can get up very early.
2. Within a second sleep had claimed him.
3. He signalled to his friends not to tell those people who he was, as he thought they would be embarrassed.
4. There were only fifteen minutes before the Englishman was due to arrive.

3. Analyse :

Gandhiji's control over sleep was so perfect that even when he was tired, he could lie down to sleep and be

sure that he would awake again after a little while, if he had an appointment.

4. Change the form of narration :

"You were going to tell me the story about this picture," said Umesh. "Have you forgotten?"

"No, I have not forgotten," answered his grandfather. "I was telling you some other things first."

5. Study the following uses of "fast."

fast friend; fast colour; fast train; fast asleep; play fast and loose; fast cricket ground, live fast.

6. (a) Conjugate ; learn ; sleep ; wake, shake; lay; lie.

(b) Give antonyms of — victory; early; different, careful.

(c) Use as nouns — say; find; sleep; fall.

## SIX

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

(a) To go off; to stand one in good stead ; likes and dislikes ; to make a clean breast of ; at all ; without a murmur ; in favour of ; over and over again ; to make friends with ; crystal clear mind ; to hit the nail on the head ; for lack of ; to feel sure ; to be beside one self ; to summon up courage ; to prevail upon ; to set at rest.

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi.

1. His feet never failed him.

2. He was pained by what had happened.

3. His influence left several stains on the crystal clear mind of Gandhiji.

3. Analyse.

The reason was that Bapu sometimes became inattentive during the physical training classes though he was usually one of the most attentive boys in the school.

4. Change into indirect form of speech if reported by Rustomji to one of his friends.

“I would certainly save you,” answered Gandhiji. But I shall do it on one condition.”

“What is that condition ?” asked Rustomji.

“You must admit your guilt,” answered Bapu.

5. Fill up after the first model.

(a) A goat bleats.

(b) An ass.....

(c) A bird.....

(d) A lion.....

(e) A dog.....

6. Give antonyms of the following and use these antonyms in sentences of your own :—

Attentive ; straight ; clean ; truth ; bold.

## SEVEN

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :—

Beside ; to see eye to eye with ; humility ; immensely ; to feel hurt ; authorities ; reception ; toleration ; to disagree ; point of view ; with open arms,

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi.

(a) Mr. Jinnah had announced a procession.

(b) In those days Bapu had not risen to the greatness of being called a Mahatma.

(c) All of us need to learn to be tolerant and humble in the same way.

3. Change the form of narration :—

In this handbill Gandhiji said that Lokmanya Tilak was such a great man that he had made up his

mind to see his rival's procession. He suggested that all sincere people should do the same.

#### 4. Analyse :—

When Mr. Jinnah left the Congress, he founded a new party and fought against his old one in the political field, but Bapu never forgot the days of friendship he had spent with the leader of the Muslim League.

### EIGHT

#### 1. Use the following in sentences of your own :—

To hold a meeting ; unshakable faith ; first and foremost ; complicated problems ; to lead a fight ; to look down on : on one's own ; to act on ; self confidence ; to look to.

#### 2. Change into indirect speech.

- (a) "What is there in just reading Geeta?" he once asked a friend, "what matter is whether you act on its advice."
- (b) "Umesh," said the oldman, "Let us learn from Bapu that all religions are alike. God lives in everyman's body. To hate some one just because he is a Hindu, a Muslim or a Christian is to hate God"

#### 3. Analyse.

Later when Moti Lal saw with his own eyes the result of the Dandi March he would only say, "Gandbi is a magician.

#### 4. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi.

- (a) When a man's devotion to God is so firm, light comes into his heart.
- (b) Gandhiji succeeded in solving these problems on his own.

(c) You know Umesh what complicated problems Gandhiji had to face.

(d) Gandhiji always looked to God for guidance.

5. (a) Conjugate :—

Get, forget, fight; speak.

(b) Make nouns form :—

Devote ; possess ; decide ; solve.

6. Fill up after the first model.

(a) As deep as the ocean.

(b) As shallow as.....

(c) As fast as.....

(d) As brittle as.....

(e) As light as.....

## NINE

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :—

All the same ; to go without saying ; as well as ; to do a thing by halves ; for long periods ; to drive out ; to grow fit ; to go without ; to give up ; to make up one's mind ; to give in ; on the other hand ; due to ; to grow worse ; to go ahead ; to go to great lengths ; to launch a campaign ; to carry out ; to bring home ; to bridge the gap ; in full swing ; in custody ; to heave a sigh of relief.

2. Make sentences to show that you understand the difference in meaning between the following pairs of words :—

Break, brake : human, humane ; expect, except ; admit, acknowledge ; practise, practice : worse, verse ; affect, effect ; soul, sole.



3. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :—

- (a) Diseases can not thrive in a pure and healthy body.
- (b) Deva Dass could not resist tasting them.
- (e) Some of them thought that the strain might even be fatal for her.
- (d) The leader of both the countries went to great lengths to try and bridge the gap between them.
- (e) They locked up the whole lot.

4. Change the form of narration :—

“There must be something evil in me,” he would say, “My friend has become tainted with it. If it was not so how could he have made such a mistake? I am to blame. I must fast for his sake.”

5. (a) Use the following as nouns and verbs :—

Waste ; house ; fast ; rest ; mind.

(b) Make nouns from :—

Expect ; grow ; resist ; tempt.

6. Analyse

- (a) Whatever we eat is digested in our stomach.
- (b) She had grown thin and Gandhiji's friends were afraid she would grow worse if her husband were to fast.

TEN

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

- (a) for instance ; to take place ; on the alert ; to look after ; to watch over ; to come across ; to make both ends meet ; to do one's level best ; a household word ; to keep an eye on.

- (b) the down-trodden ; saviour ; wastage  
extravagantly ;

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :

- (a) Service of the down-trodden is equal to the worship of God.
- (b) God helps the poor whose hands are dirty from their labour.
- (c) God hates waste.
- (d) Unless we all do our level best to avoid waste, India will never grow any richer.
- (e) I know now how it feels like to be looked down on.

3. Fill up the blanks :

- (a) Gandhiji was busy.....work.
- (b) Every one helped him hunt.....the pencil.
- (c) He fought.....their right to enter Hindu temples.
- (d) He kept an eye.....everything he possessed.

4. Analyse :

He thought Bapu was a labourer who had said his name was Gandhi so that he would be set free.

5. Change the form of narration :

“How did Bapu help the poor Harijans,” asked Umesh “In many ways,” said the old man. “For instance he fought for their right to enter Hindu temples. Only caste Hindus were allowed in most temples in the old days. Now, thanks to Bapu’s efforts, they can go to almost every temple in the country”.

## ELEVEN

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

to pick holes ; to compare with ; practise ; to see for oneself ; grandeur ; to fill many volumes ; to take time ; to gaze at :

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :—

(a) Many Englishmen praised his command of English language.

(b) You can see for yourself what an artist he was at putting his thoughts on paper.

(c) It hurts me when I think that these flowers were sleeping peacefully when they were plucked.

3. Study the following words :

Autobiography ; autocrat ; autograph ; automaton ; antonomy ;

4. Change the form of narration :—

“Look, Umesh ! Bapu is writing. I think he is writing an article for his paper. He was an excellent writer.”

## TWELVE

1. Use the following in sentences of your own :

In order to ; a great deal ; to collaborate ; on the verge of ; to look for , to look after ; a close friend ; like a shadow ; to ambush ; on account of ; to make the most of.

2. Fill in the gaps with suitable prepositions :—

(a) He trusted only.....God.

(b) He had collaborated.....South Africans.

- (c) They were looking.....a chance to beat him.
- (d) We should have no love.....overselves.

3. Change the form of narration :—

“How brave Bapu was !” he said to his grandfather “Indeed he was brave, my son.” answered the old man. “You must be brave, too. Today every man and woman must be brave if India is to make the most of her freedom.”

4. Make sentences to show that you understand the difference in meaning between the following pairs of words :—

Suspect, doubt ; severely, severally ; people, pupil ; look, see ; shade, shadow ; plane, plain ; plane ; story, storey.

5. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :—

- (a) See how fearlessly he marches forward !
- (b) The man who beat me beleived there was a flaw in my patriotism.
- (c) My destiny has been fulfilled.
- (d) If I were to change my plans on account of fear I will not be fit to live and be your leader.

## THIRTEEN

1. Study the following uses of “dull” :—

dull child ; dull pain ; dull edgo ; dull trade ; dull weather ; dull light ; dull colour ; dull talk.

2. Use in sentences :—

close to ; because of ; merrily ; happily ; deeply foundations ; to pace ; to butt.

3. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :—

- (a) Humour was one of the foundations of Gandhiji's life.
- (b) He was supposed to be an expert on food.
- (c) I am growing horns because I drink goat's milk.

4. Change the form of narration :—

- (a) "What a lovely picture ! exclaimed Umesh.
- (b) "You are right," said Gandhi to the gentleman. "I am growing horns, because I drink goats milk. Run away or I shall butt you with them."

## FOURTEEN

1. Use the following in sentences of your own:—

to give up ; in search of ; instead of ; to meet  
success ; to send for ; to feel annoyed ; in the end ;  
presently ; to put into practice, before long ; to win  
the day.

2. Translate into Hindi or Panjabi :—

- (a) The seeds of truth and non-violence were in his blood.
- (b) The white man got furious and hit Gandhiji.
- (c) Presently the white man realised Bapu's had been a moral victory.
- (d) The non-co-operation movement was launched

3. Change the form of narration :—

"The Budha taught that non-violence was the finest form of religion," said the old man, "You must have heard the story in which he saved the life of a Swan." "Yes; I have," said Umesh.



4. Analyse :—

He was born a prince but he gave up the comforts of the world and went to the forests in search of knowledge and truth.

5. Make nouns from :—

(a) Child, beat, annoy, accept, sit

(b) Make adjectives from :—

Fury ; advantage ; courage ; law ; trouble.

## FIFTEEN

1. Make sentences using :—

Reverently ; break the silence ; to do yeoman service ; to break down ; for a little while ; curious ; presently ;

2. Make sentences using antonyms of :—

Truth ; justice ; last ; end.

4. Change the form of narration :—

“Is Bapu asleep ?” asked the boy.

“Yes, he is sleeping for all time,” answered the old man

“What do you mean by that ?” asked Umeh.

“Bapu is dead,” explained the grandfather.







